Numb. 11

The Female Tatler.

By Mrs. Crackenthorpe, *a Lady that knows every thing.*

Sum Canna Vocalis.

From *Friday July* 29. to *Monday Auguſt* 1.

YEſterday, I gave a releaſe to Study and repaid ſome Viſits, which our Sex have made *Book-debts*; one Lady was not at home, another wou'd not be at home, and a third ſaw no Company, having lately buried her Squirrel. At laſt I fix'd my ſelf with Mrs. *Townly*, and the Company I met there, were all Monſters; nothing is ſo amazing to me as the choice of ſome Womens Converſation, who dream away their time in incoherent Stuff, which makes 'em uſeleſs to the World; but Fools have this Happineſs, to be eaſy with themſelves, and let other People ſhift for 'em.------Mrs. *Save-all* is reckon'd a good *Houſe-wife*, and gives you a Hiſtory of her Management; ſhe had twenty Maids laſt Year, and all of 'em prov'd Sluts; her Dining-room is in nice Order, for ſhe carries her Viſiters into the Kitchen, and the beſt Faſhion that ever came up, is not to treat People; they have two Prentices, who, tho Proviſions be dear, have as monſtrous Stomachs as ever, and her Siſter had the Conſcience to bring a Footman that's enough to breed a Famine in the Nation; by a prudent Care to lock up every thing, the Beggars never moleſt her Doors; ſhe grudges her Husband Neceſſaries; her Children are diſpers'd among her Relations; and her poor Kindred, for ſhe hates Idleneſs, work out her Benovolence, and then her Charity is well beſtow'd; ſhe's obſerv'd, however to be very kind to her ſelf, has many a private Collation; and Cherry-colour'd Damask, tho ſhe's turn'd of *Fifty*, is hardly gay enough for her: ask her about News, ſhe'll tell you the *Barber's* Wife is brought to Bed, and her Brother-in-Law's Cat has kitten'd; Books ſhe never converſes with, yet is ſo well read in the Hiſtory of her Neighbours, that ſhe ſets the whole *Pariſh* together by the Ears.

Lady *Wou'd-be*, is a learned Piece, and has puzled moſt *Divines*; ſhe's a great Admirer of *Suckling*, *Milton* ſhe has by Heart, and *Cowley* is her Bed-fellow; *Plays* are infinitely below her, *Alexander* ſhe can bear, but a *Comedy's* fit only for her Woman; ſhe underſtands *Architecture*, and talks of the *Corinthian*, the *Dorick*, *Ionick*, and *Tuſcan* Orders; her Language is Seraphick and Supernatural; and for thoſe who uſe familiar Phraſes, their Diſcourſe is uncouth and jejune, and bears no Symmetry or Concatination.------Ask her, if ſhe can make a *Tanſy*?------*She never hear'd of it.*

Mrs. *Prim* is wonderfully dizen'd out' makes a Viſit of an Hour long, and then ſtalks off without having ſpoke a Word all the while, till the Town has reported her to be dumb.

But Mrs. *All-talk* gives you a Rotation of the *French* King, and the Parſon of *Huntington*; Dr. *Trotter* in *Moor-Fields*, and the *Black Woman* under St. *Dunſtan's* Church, till ſhe deafens the whole Room.

Another Sett came in, which if it be poſſible, are more ridiculous than theſe; Mrs. *Dandler* Mrs. *Mince-it*, Mrs. *Fore-ſight*, Mrs. *Hoyden-Tail*.----*Dandler* entertain'd us with Diſcourſes of her Children; that *Maſter Bobby* was the cunningeſt little Boy, and *Miſs Dolly* the ſweeteſt Girl that a Woman cou'd bring into the World, ſhe had Wit at will, tho but five years old, and ſaid ſuch ſmart things, ſhe put her pious *Grand-mother* into the violenteſt Te-hee, that had not laugh'd before theſe thirty Years.------*Fore-ſight* talk'd of News, and as loud as if ſhe had baw'd it about the Streets; ſhe ſaid *Lewis* XIV was neceſſitated to ſign the Preliminaries, his Country being in a deplorable Condition, and that we ſhou'd certainly have a Peace by *Lord-Mayor's-day*, for Letters from *Turin* adviſe, that the Army under the *Count de Thaun*, decamp'd from *Suza* the 10*th* Inſtant, the 11*th* they began to paſs Mount *Cenis*, and the greateſt part of the Troops are ſince arriv'd at *Termignon* near *Laneburgh*; that the Body commanded by General *Schuylenburgh* in the Valley of *Aoſta*, has been reinforc'd to 5 or 6000 Men, with which he is to enter the *Tarantaiſe*, in order to join General *Thaun*, and penetrate into *Marienne*.--------*Mince-it* labours under a mighty Uneaſineſs, to inform you of her Equipage and all her fine Trinkets, but at length hauls 'em in by Head and Shoulders,------That laſt *Chriſtmas*, going to Bed, ſhe was frighted to that Degree, her *Woman* was puting on her Night-cloaths, her *Chamber-maid* airing the Bed, her *Middle-maid* blowing up the Fire, and her *Cook-maid* preparing ſomewhat for her to take, when ſome-bobody in the next Street cry'd out *Thieves, Theives*; her *Coach-man* and all the ſix *Foot-men* ran out, the *Butler's* Hair ſtood an end about the Plate, and where to hide her *Jewels*, that were worth ſix thouſand Pounds, her *Watch*, *Tweezer-Caſe*, *gold Snuff-box*, and the *five hundred Broad Pieces* Sir *John* lately gave her, put her into the greateſt Confuſion imaginable: and tho her Fright was meer Invention, ſhe tells it all over the Town, till ſhe believes it her ſelf.----And for Mrs. *Hoyden-tail*, ſhe cou'd not ſit two Minutes in a Place, but was for *Hotcockles*, *Blind-man's-buff*, and a *King-I-am*, that ſhe might be commanded into the Kitchen to kiſs the Fellows.

This ſort of Society is mighty edifying truly, and I told Mrs. *Townly*, tho' no Lady can be refus'd bringing a Foil with her, yet ſhe ought to take all Opportunities of dropping ſuch Acquaintance; as ſome Men of Letters once a Year clear their Libraries of ſilly and impertinent Books. As *Virtue* or *Vice*, ſo *Wit* and *Folly* are adjudg'd People according to the Company they keep; and as every Mans *Sobriety* is ſuſpected that aſſociates with a *Libertine*;

ſo

I shou'd question his Understanding, that is seen often with a *Coxcomb*. Vanity does indeed sometimes touch Men of Parts, and much Company they think gains them a popular Esteem, but 'tis a mistaken Notion, the Man of Sense gives a Lustre to the Peer, at the expence of his own Judgment; and I had rather be seen a foot with honest thread-bare *Timon*, than flying to *Hide-Park* in a Coach and Six with my Lord *Feather-fool*.

Letters from *Lincoln* say, That that City is at present in a perfect State of Health, and enjoys wonderful Tranquillity, free from the *Noise of Trade*, which breeds Contention in other Places, or even the murmuring of a *Navigable River*, and have so very little to do, that the General Post comes no nearer 'em than *Stanford*. They are a very wise sort of People, especially the *Mayor* and *Aldermen*, who have a true Notion of *Riches*, for not being in a Capacity to get large Estates, they Philosophically despise 'em, and employ their time in good things, every Hour of the Day being alternately spent in *Prayers* and *Ale*, then *Prayers* and *Ale* again. The Inhabitants at the bottom of the Hill, are very humble and lowly, and as they never heard of Mony, can be in no Concern about it; they are so far from aspiring, that they reach the *Cathedral* but twice a Year, to attend the Judges in their Circuit, whose chief Business there is to eat and drink; for as they have no *Traffick*, they have no *Law-suits*; no *Furniture*, no *House-breaking*; and having no *Souls*, there can be no *Murder* committed. If they hear good News, which is generally two Months after Date, they try to ring the Bells, and a Bonfire's made, not for the Boys, but for the Magistrates to rejoice round it in Ale; and the next Day they are very quiet again. The Inhabitants of *Lincoln* are a People of the most even Temper I ever knew, they are neither elevated nor depress'd; their *Ale* keeps 'em in so solid a Medium, that their Passions center in implicite Satisfaction, and their general *Motto* shou'd be,

Cantabit Vacuus coram Latrone Viator.

*** *Mrs.* Crackenthorpe *having been inform'd, that several* Wise Sayings, Witty Repartees, *and* Notable Bulls *have been made by the* Lace-men *on* Ludgate-hill, *in way of Banter to the* Mercers, *on her* Wednesday's *Paper,* July *the* 27th, *particularly by the flourishing Mr.* Gimp, *near the* Old-Bayly, *desires they'd communicate 'em; for as they very well know* Copper Lace *must go off as well as* right; *so a Paper of this kind ought to have something in it to suit the meanest Capacity. 'Tis very rare that a* Comedy *succeeds from Mr.* Wilks's *inimitable bright Air, without a little of* Pinkethman's--Alackaday--*and* Bullock's--O Lamentable. *In return of which Favour, Mrs.* Crackenthorpe *will endeavour to revive* Gold Nets *for Scarves, fashion'd* Orrices *for Sleeves and* Robings *and* deep open Laces *for Petticoats. She's sorry she did not mention them among those great Beauties the* Mercers, *and tho she can't think 'em quite so fair, yet the are much the sweeter Creatures, for she's inform'd, 'twas the voracious Appetites some of their Fraternity have for* Cheese-cakes *and* Custards, *that encourag'd so many fine* Pastry-Cooks Shops *that are daily open'd in that Neighbourhood.*

††† *Lady* Whimsey, *and Lady* Squeamish, *that are ever altering and contriving, fidgeting about Town, and buying all the Year round; make Complaints, that* Sempstresses Shops *have such Loads of Fellows in 'em sauntring, sneering, and treating the Creatures with Fruit; they are not offended with a pretty Gentleman at any Hour or Place, but in one Shop sat a filthy fat Fellow, in another, a frightful fiery-face Fellow, in a third, a washy hatchet-face Fellow, and one bold Trollop had a dozen rakish Officers about her. Ladies have occasion for several* Gimcracks, *not proper to ask for before Men; and if these Enormities are not rectify'd, they must be forc'd to buy of Women that sell in Chambers, and sure the Fellows won't have the Impudence to come there.*

∴ *Whereas several ill-bred* Criticks *have reported about Town, that a Woman is not the Author of this Paper, which I take to be a Splenetick and irrational Aspersion upon our whole Sex; Women were always allow'd to have a finer Thread of Understanding than the Men, which made them have Recourse to Learning, that they might equal our Natural Parts, and by an Arbitrary Sway have kept us from many Advantages to prevent our out-vying them; but those Ladies who have imbib'd Authors, and div'd into Arts and Sciences, have ever discover'd a quicker Genius, and more sublime Notions. These Detractors must be a rough hewn sort of Animals, that cou'd never gain Admittance to the fair Sex, and all such I forbid my* Drawing-Room.

*** *Lady* Petulant *in* Soho, *who has lost all her Acquaintance by her unhappy Temper, wou'd have an ingenious young Woman to be an humble Companion to her; she must be of a very good Family, or my Lady can't bear her in her Coach, must read a Play with an Air, have all the* Opera *Songs, and be passionately fond of her Ladyship's* Monkey, *she must praise my Lady to her Face, expatiate on her right Judgment in every thing; and whenever her* Ladyship *seems pleas'd, she must be in a Rapture, or she's gone. Several Gentlewomen that want Fortunes, and are above going to Service, wou'd jump at such Preferment.*

The Character of the Gossiping Parson *is come to Hand, and will be inserted in our next.*

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